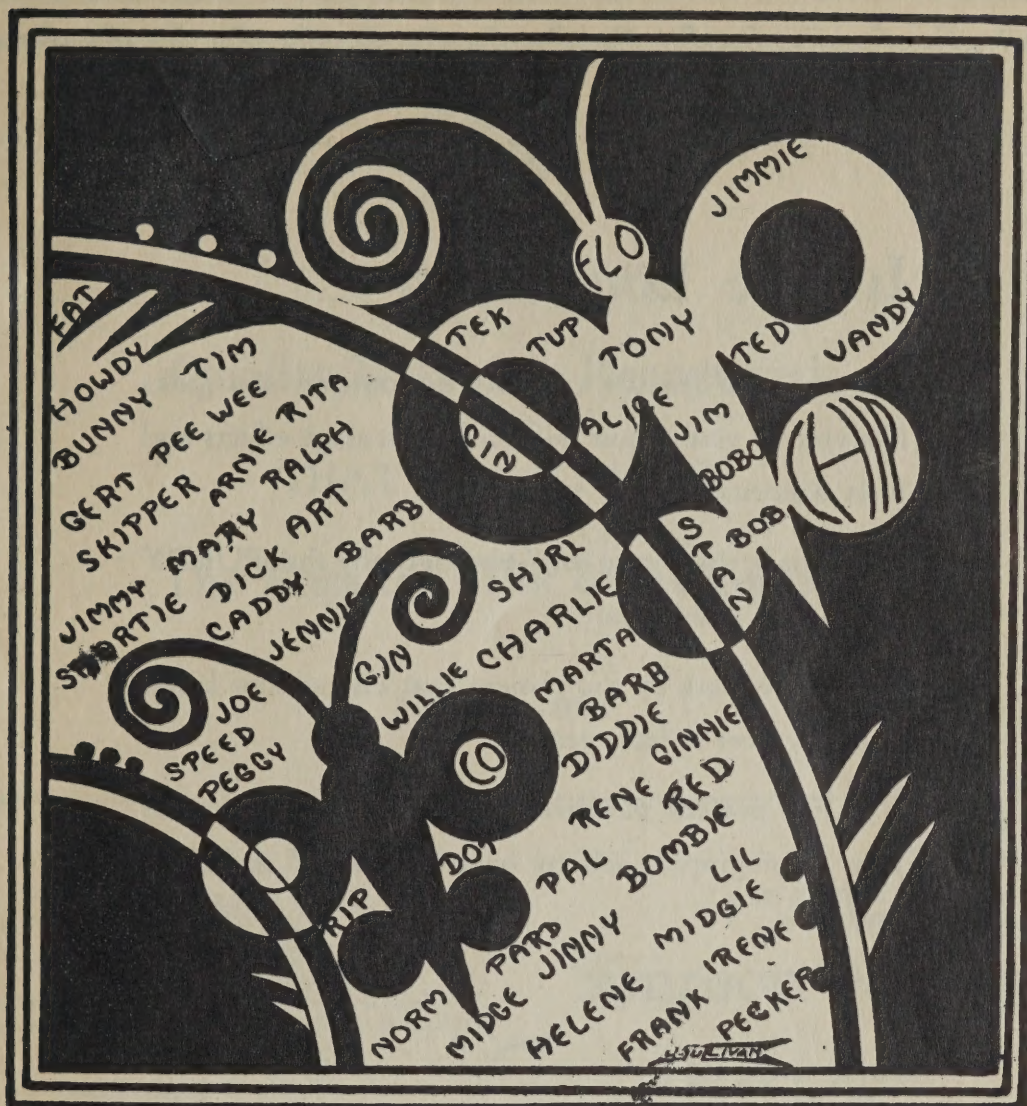


1933



Vol. XII GRADUATION ISSUE No. 3

THE ABHIS

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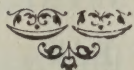
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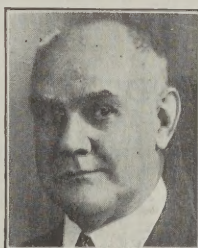
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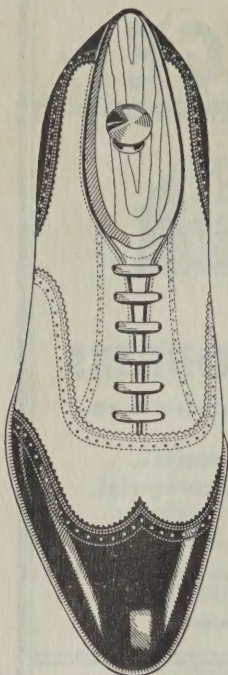
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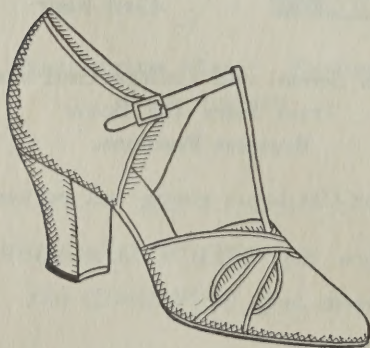
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THE ABHIS

JUNE 1933

Vol. XII

No. 3



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Waicinowicz

"Tony"

"Hail to the Chief!"

Class President; Honor Student; English Club (2), English Class Play (2); Science Club (3) (4); Hi-Y (3) (4); Football (3) (4); Track (1) (2) (4); Dance Committee (4); Class Play Committee (4); Graduation Committee (4); Glee Club (1); Orchestra (1) (2) (3); Class Play (4); Presentation of Gift.

Earl Francis Hannafin

"Chip"

"His very foot has music in it." Vice-President of Class; Secretary Hi-Y Club (4); Science Club (3) (4); Hi-Y Club (3) (4); English Club (2) (3) (4); English Club Play (3); Glee Club (1) (2); Junior Dance Committee (3); Decoration Committee (3); Class Play Committee (4); Class Play Cast (4); Class Will (4); Abhis Board (3) (4); Business Manager (4).

Maurie Louise Callahan

"Pal"

"She is a phantom of delight." Honor Student; Secretary-Treasurer; English Club (2) (3) (4), Secretary (3) (4); Glee Club (2) (3) (4); Girls' Club (2); Girls' Athletic Club (1) (2) (3); Basketball (1) (2); Baseball (1); Track (1) (2); Field Hockey (1) (2); Class Play (4); Senior Dance (4); Dance Committee (3).

New Rochelle

Shirley Rugg Baenziger

"Shirl"

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate."
Honor Student; English Club (2); Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); School Orchestra (1) (2) (3); Field Hockey (1) (2); Basketball (1) (2); Track (1) (2).

Bridgewater

Virginia Dyer Bates

"Gin"

"And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Girls' Athletic Club (1); English Club (2); Glee Club (1) (3) (4).



Ferne Elizabeth Belcher

"Bunny"

"On with the dance!"

Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Lasell

George Alton Bombardier

"Bombie"

"Bowed by the weight of
centuries he leans."

Football (1) (2) (3) (4).

"Gert" Boothby

Gertrude Louise Boothby

"Gert"

"As merry as the day is long."
Science Club (1); Girls' Athletic Club (1) (2) (3); Basketball (1) (2) (3); Baseball (1) (2); Track (1) (2); Field Hockey (1) (2) (3); Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Nurse

Marjorie Lois Bradford

"Midgie"

"Words declare your eyes
are bright."

Science Club (1) (2) (3); Girls' Glee Club (2) (3) (4); Honor Roll (4).

Martha Brunet

"Marta"

"All her paths are peace."

Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Boles Edward Buchawski
"Bobo"

"Stately and tall he moves
in the hall."

Track (1) (2) (3) (4);
Basketball (2) (3) (4), Cap-
tain (4); Football (3) (4);
Baseball (3).

William Joseph Buchawski
"Willie"

"Let thy speech be better than
silence—or be silent."
Class Basketball (1) (2) (3)
(4).

Helen Gertrude Cederholm
"Red"

"The smiles that win,
The tints that glow."

Abhis Board (1) (2) (3)
(4); Secretary of Debating
Club (2); Science Club (2)
(3); Girls' Club (2); Glee
Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Class
Play (4); Cheer Leader (2)
(3) (4); Vice-President of
Magazine Drive (4); Basket-
ball (1); Hockey (1); Base-
ball (1); Track (1).

Tufts Medical School

Edward Ripley Clapp
"Rip"

"I have often regretted my
speech, never my silence."
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Marie Colburn
"Midge"

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe."
Honor Student; English
Club (2) (3) (4); English
Club Play (2) (3); Girls'
Club (2); Debating Club
(2); Orchestra (3) (4);
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Decorating Committee (3);
Basketball (1) (2); Track
(1) (2); Baseball (1) (2).

George Coleman
George Wilfred Coleman
"Speed"

"Thou foster child of silence
and slow Time."

Football (1); Class Basket-
ball (1) (2); Singing (2)
(3) (4).

Kathleen Jane Condon
"Caddy"

"Must share it,—Happiness was
born a twin."

Girls' Athletic Club (1) (2)
(3), Secretary (3); Science
Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Girls' Glee Club (1) (2)
(3) (4); English Club (2);
Track (1) (2); Basketball
(1) (2) (3); Field Hockey
(1) (2) (3); Cheer Leader
(2) (3) (4).

Timothy Joseph Croak
"Tim"

"Laugh, for the time is brief."
Boys' Glee Club (1) (2);
English Club (2) (3) (4);
Science Club (3) (4); Hi-Y
(4); Freshmen Football (1);
Class Basketball (1) (2) (3).

Tim Croak

Edmund Gilbert Crossley
"Jr." "Cod"

"Why is this thus? What is the
reason for this thushness?"

Honor Student; English
Club (2) (3); English Club
Play (2) (3); Science Club
(3) (4); Hi-Y (3) (4);
Decoration Committee (3);
Orchestra (3); Class Play
(4); Senior Debate.

Virginia Harriet Crowell
"Gin"

"But to see her was to love her."
Honor Roll (1) (2) (3);
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
English Club (2); Basket-
ball (1).

Bridgewater



Dear Abhis!
Willie

Luck
Edie Clapp

Midge
Colburn

Sharon
Edie

Gin

Stanley Walter Damon
"Stan"

"He is conspicuous by his absence."
Science Club (1); Football (1) (2) (3) (4).

Mary Irene Devine
"Irene"

"She's all my fancy painted her: She's lovely and Devine."
Honor Student; English Club (2) (3); Treasurer (3) (4); English Club Play (2) (3); Science Club (3) (4); Treasurer (4); Abhis Staff (3) (4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Glee Club (3) (4); Graduation Committee (4).

Margaret Christine Dillon
"Diddie"

"My name is fun."
Honor Student (2); Science Club (1) (2) (3) (4); English Club (2); Girls' Athletic Club (1) (2) (3); Vice-President (3); Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3); Field Hockey (1) (2) (3); Track (1) (2); Baseball (1); Cheer Leader (2) (3) (4); Class Play (4).

Felix Anthony Dzikiewicz
"Feet"

"The stout heart wins the victory."
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Robert Farley
"Bob"

"My heart is fixed."
Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4); Athletic Association (1) (2) (3); Class Ring Committee (3); Class Play Committee (4).

Barbara Myrtle Fowler
"Barb"

"Then a beam of fun outbroke."
English Club (2) (3); Glee Club (3) (4); Basketball (2) (3).
Wilfred Academy

Alice Margaret Franey

"A face with gladness over-spread.
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."
Honor Student; English Club (2) (3) (4); Glee Club (2) (3) (4); Science Club (4).

James Griffith Freeman
"Jim"

"Life is short: art is long."
Glee Club (1) (2); Baseball (4).

Edwin Fuller
"Ted"

"Great manliness and love of sports."
Hi-Y Club (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4); Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Football Captain (4); Basketball (4); Football Dance Committee (4).

Ralph Gates
"Skipper"

"An equal mixture of good humor and sensible melancholy."
Debating Club (2); Track Manager (2); Enterprise Sports Reporter (1) (2) (3) (4); Football (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3).



Write Devine

Good Luck "Diddie" Dillon

Just Ted Fuller

Good Luck Eleanor

Bob Farley

Alfred Gates

Arthur Gregory Gervais
"Art"

"Life is real! Life is earnest!"
Glee Club (1) (2); Football
(1) (4); Class Basketball
(1) (2) (3); Track (1) (3)
(4).

Frank Warren Goodhue, Jr.
"A man to hold against
the World."

Salutatorian; English Club
(2) (3) (4), English Club
Play (2) (3), Vice-Pres-
ident (2) (3) (4); Science
Club (3) (4); Hi-Y (3)
(4), Vice-President (4);
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Debating Club (2); Class
Play (4); Senior Dance
Committee (4); Decoration
Committee (3); Abhis
Board (3) (4); Editor-in-
Chief (4); High School Re-
union Committee (4); Or-
chestra (2) (3); Senior De-
bate; Freshman Football;
Class Basketball (1); Track
(1) (2) (3) (4).
Harvard

Irene May Gowell
"Rene"

"Joy rises in me like a
summer's morn."
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Girls' Club (2).

John Francis Griffin
"Fat"

"Studios of ease, and fond
of humble things."
Football (3) (4); Baseball
(4); Glee Club (3) (4).

Arne Sigvard Gustafson
"Arnie"

"A comrade, blithe and
full of glee."
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Florence May Higginson
"Flo"

"Better late than never."
Girls' Club (2); Girls' Ath-
letic Club (1); Glee Club
(1) (2) (3) (4); Field
Hockey (1); Basketball (1);
Orchestra (3) (4).

James Bayliss Hong
"Jimmie"

"He is the very pineapple
of politeness."
English Club (2) (3) (4);
Science Club (1) (2) (3)
(4); Hi-Y Club (4); Abhis
Board (2) (3) (4).

George Melvin Leonard
"Pard", "Dutch"

"A good name is rather to be
chosen than great riches."
Honor Student; English
Club (2) (3) (4); Science
Club (3) (4); Basketball
(3) (4); Class Basketball
(1) (2) (3) (4); Track (2)
(3) Hi-Y (4); Football
Manager (4); Senior De-
bate (2); Glee Club (2);
Decorating Committee (3);
Graduation Committee (4).
Bridgewater

Virginia Keene Lombard
"Ginny"

"A sweet attractive kind
of grace."
Girls' Athletic Club (1);
Girls' Club (2); English
Club (2) (3) (4); Glee
Club (3) (4); English Club
Play (2) (3); Baseball (1);
Basketball (1).

Richard Faxon Ludden
"Dick"

"As a wit, if not first, in the
very first line."
Honor Student; English
Club (2) (3) (4); English
Club Play (2) (3); Science
Club (3) (4); Glee Club
(1) (2); Freshman Foot-
ball (1) (4); Baseball (3);
Class Basketball (1) (2)
(3); Basketball Manager
(4); Class Play Committee
(4); Class Play (4);
Thanksgiving Dance Com-
mittee (4); Prophecy (4);
General Manager of Mag-
azine Drive (4); Senior
Debate (4).



*George
Leonard*

*Best of
Luck
"Dick"
Ludden*

Handwritten: Daniel Matheson Good Luck

Mary Louise Matheson
"Shortie"
"A blessed companion
is a book."
Girls' Athletic Association
(1); English Club (2);
Girls' Glee Club (1) (2) (3)
(4).

Burdett

Charles Fredric Medvetz
"Charlie"
"The eyes of conscience testing
every stroke,
To make his deed the measure
of a man."
Honor Student (2) (3) (4);
English Club (2) (3) (4);
President (2) (3) (4); Eng-
lish Club Play (2) (3);
Science Club (3) (4); Hi-Y
(3) (4), Treasurer (4); De-
bating Club (2); Baseball
(2) (3); Track (1) (2) (3)
(4); Football (1) (2) (3)
(4); Basketball (1) (2) (3)
(4); Orchestra (2) (3) (4);
Glee Club (1) (2); Abhis
Board (3) (4); Graduation
Committee (4); Senior De-
bate; Decorating Commit-
tee (3); Class Play (4).

Mary Rita Moran
"She lived unknown, and few
could know her."
Honor Roll (2); Science
Club (1) (2); English Club
(2) (3) (4); Glee Club (1)
(2) (3) (4).

Handwritten: James McKenney

James Francis McKenney
"Jimmy"
"A lion among ladies is a
most dreadful thing."
Science Club (3); Class Play
(4); Football (1) (2) (3)
(4); Baseball (2); Basket-
ball (1) (2).

Handwritten: Elizabeth Murphy

Doris Elizabeth Murphy
"Lil", "Liz"
"Laugh and be merry."
English Club (2) (3); Sci-
ence Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4);
Orchestra (1); Honor Roll
(1); G. A. C. (1); Baseball
(1); Basketball (1) (2);
Track (1); Hockey (1).
Nurse



Rita Josephine O'Donnell
"Whom not even critics
criticize."
Honor Student; Glee Club
(1) (2) (3) (4); Woman's
Club Membership (4); Ab-
his Board (1) (3) (4);
Junior Dance Committee;
Class History; Graduation
Committee.

Burdett

Theresa Frances Palopoli
"Pee Wee"
"She is a winsome, wee thing."
Honor Roll (1) (2) (3);
English Club (2) (3), Treas-
urer (2); Science Club (1)
(2); Glee Club (1) (2)
(3) (4); Basketball (1);
Abhis Board (1).
Bridgewater

Helene Agnes Reagan
"Be thine with airy steps to
trace some bright and
sunny way."
English Club (2), Secretary
(2).

Virginia Whitney Reed
"Jinny"
"Where did you get your
eyes so blue?"
English Club (2); Glee Club
(3) (4).
Simmons

Cora Gould Richardson
"Co"
"We meet thee like a
pleasant thought."
Honor Student; Girls' Glee
Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Eng-
lish Club (2); Girls' Club
(2); Orchestra (1) (2) (3)
(4).

Handwritten: Cora Richardson

Dorothy Ruth Robbins
"Dot"

"The look composed, and steady
eye, bespeak a steady
constancy."
English Club (2); Glee Club
(2) (3) (4).

Norman Ballou Robbins

"Norm", "Noah"
"Our myriad-minded
Shakespeare."

Valedictorian; Freshman
Football (1); English Club
(2) (3) (4); English Club
Play (2) (3); Class Basket-
ball (1) (2) (3); Baseball
(1) (2) (3) (4); Science
Club (3) (4), President (4);
Hi-Y (3) (4), President
(4); Decorating Committee
(3); Abhis Board (3) (4);
Senior Dance Committee
(4); Class Play Committee
(4), Cast (4); Senior
Debate.

Massachusetts Institute of
Technology

Howard Nelson Shaw
"Howdy"

"Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood
can."
Football (1); Class Basket-
ball (1) (2); Glee Club
(1) (2).

Barbara Snow
"Barb"

"Still you listen, still you smile."
Girls' Glee Club (1) (2)
(3) (4).

Margaret Frances Stoddard
"Peggy"

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."
Honor Roll (2) (3) (4);
English Club (2); Glee Club
(2) (3) (4).
Nurse

Joseph Daniel Sullivan
"Joe"

"He lives to build, not boast."
First Prize M. S. P. C. A.
Poster Contest (4); Track
(1); Football (3).



Eleanor Winifred Tupper
"Tup"

"She says in verse what others
say in prose."
Basketball (1); Glee Club
(1) (2) (3) (4); English
Club (2), English Club
Play (2); Science Club (4).
Bridgewater

*Cleaner
Supper*

Harold William Van Dale
"Vandy"

"The light that lies in woman's
eyes
Has been my heart's undoing."
Football (1); Class Basket-
ball (1) (2); Basketball (2);
English Club (2); Science
Club (3) (4).

Ralph Frasier Ware

"While the ploughman near at
hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed
land."
Football (1) (2) (3) (4);
Class Basketball (1) (2)
(3); Track (2); Science
Club (3) (4).

Tekla Margareta Werthen
"Patience is the best remedy
for every trouble."

Honor Student; Science
Club (1); English Club (2)
(3) (4), English Club Play
(2) (3); Glee Club (3) (4).

Henry Woodward
"Pecker"

"I am sure care's an enemy
to life."
Class Basketball (1) (2);
Glee Club (1) (2); Fresh-
man Football (1); Orches-
tra (1) (2) (3); Science
Club (1) (3) (4); Baseball
(4).

Jennie Rosalie Zakrzewska
"Gay Content, thy sister fair."

"Twines a garland round thy
hair."
Honor Student; Girls' Ath-
letic Club (1); Hockey (1);
Baseball (1); Science Club
(1) (2) (3) (4); Glee Club
(1) (3) (4); Decorating
Committee (3).

PHANTOM WINGS

(Continued from Spring Issue)

Charles Medvitz, '33



LET me congratulate you, my boy," said Mr. Wilson, grasping Val's hand, and as a wedding present I'll pay all the expenses of your honeymoon."

"Why, there is no need—," Val's reply was interrupted by a shrill scream and then a muffled one. For a second they stared at each other. Then Val sprang for the door. He was brought to a sudden halt by Mr. Wilson.

"Wait! Don't go out there!" and running to his desk he yanked open a drawer. He drew out a brace of revolvers. Bright lights gleamed dully on the blue barrel.

"Here. Take one. Now let's go."

They ran out of the library, into the hall, and down the front staircase. Mr. Wilson pressed a button, and the massive, oaken door silently swung open. The soft light of the moon flooded the hall. They leaped down the remaining steps and came to a sudden halt in the middle of the drive, ere the heavy door closed silently behind them.

Not a breath, not a sound! The quiet mansion in back, the silent woods in front. To the right and left a gleaming, serpentine ribbon of dirt road seemingly terminated at both ends by the mysterious woods. In spite of the excitement there was but little noise after that first scream. The servants were still asleep, end except the two men standing in the drive, the place seemed to be devoid of all other humanity.

"She's gone!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson in a hoarse whisper.

"And my car!" Echoed Val.

"They've kidnapped her! I'll phone the police!" With that he whirled around, but was caught by Val.

"Wait!" It's a good half mile from here to the main road, isn't it? Well, there wasn't enough gas in my car to go even half that distance. The ends of this road join, and only one road leads to the main highway. They make a kind of oval with the woods in the center. We'll go through these woods and head them off. My car was facing the left. That's the way they went.

"How can you beat them? They have too long a start."

"They're out of gas, I tell you. The tank was almost empty when they started. Let's hurry."

With that Val lead off into the woods, followed by Mr. Wilson. Their eyes had just become accustomed to the darkness of the

woods when Mr. Wilson stumbled and fell heavily. Val stopped, knowing he ought to go back and help him, but a stronger urge drew him on. He had pocketed his gun so that his hands might swing freely, thus enabling him to keep his balance as he ran through underbrush, over rocks and between trees.

Mr. Wilson rose slowly to his feet, and with a rueful smile upon his lips, he watched Val's indistinct figure until it disappeared into the deep shadows of the trees. Then, turning about, he hastened back to the road. Everything was quiet. The imposing front of the mansion was cast in shadow. Not a light broke the opaqueness of its obscure exterior. He soon gained the shadows of the garage, and after a few minutes of fumbling for the lock, he swung open the two huge doors. Peering into the yawning interior, he could make out the indistinct image of his car, a powerful Packard. Not wishing to turn on the lights, he slowly felt his way to the side door.

A dull bang of the closing door, and Mr. Wilson settled himself behind the wheel. The starter caught instantly, and with a low purr the car rolled swiftly out of the garage. Hugging the wheel, the wind whipping his hair about his face, he peered ahead as the heavy car roared on. He beheld the road as a blurry white ribbon with splotches of black shadows that seemed to tear toward him and disappear beneath the hood of the purring engine. The bright head-lights, reaching out like long thin fingers, illuminated the hidden recesses and shadowy nooks along the side of the road. But he heeded them not, for his steady eyes were glued to that white ribbon of expanse that stretched out before the hurtling car.

His keen eyes saw the black spot far ahead in the road long before the rays of the head-lights had reached it. His right foot lifted mechanically, but the speed of the car had remained undiminished. Then his right foot eased down gently upon the brakes as his left foot rode the clutch. The spot! The spot no longer remained far ahead, but rushed up to meet him. As the speed of the car diminished and the distance decreased, Mr. Wilson could distinguish figures standing in the road. There were Gwendolyn and Val standing in the road facing a third person who turned as the car rolled to a stop. Val leaped! The stranger whirled! A gun cracked wildly, spurting livid flame and death! Then the two figures collided. Under Val's sudden onslaught, the man

Continued on page 24

BON VOYAGE

E. M. Bickford, '34



HE ANTEQUANIA, a transatlantic liner, was preparing to embark for Liverpool. Crowds stood on Grant's Pier cheering a Bon Voyage. Very shortly there came the all-off signal of a trumpet, and slowly, very slowly, the magnificent liner edged away from the pier. The crowds, both on the pier and on the boat, were hooting and yelling last good-byes, some laughing, and some with tears in their eyes. The people on shore watched the sturdy little tugs tow the liner until it was well out of the harbor. Then the throng dispersed.

The passengers, after the excitement of leaving New York harbor had subsided, went to their respective cabins.

The first night out was spent in unpacking and arranging wardrobes. The next morning the passengers succeeded in becoming somewhat acquainted, and so started the usual round of deck tennis, quoits, and dancing to the steamer's "Marine Band."

On one particular morning, a tall, slender girl with beautiful blonde hair and darkly fringed, brown eyes, was leaning over the rail gazing at a calm, unruffled, blue sea. Suddenly a voice at her side roused her from her reverie. Looking up into his face, she was surprised to see the young man who had sat at the next table at breakfast. "Ah! if the senorita would but pardon my intrusion, you left these at your table this morning," and with a bow the young man handed her a pair of gloves. This did not end the conversation. He casually leaned against the rail beside her. "If I may introduce myself, I am Jaime Higuenes, and you, you are Senorita Winifred Bradely of New York City. You see, I looked you up on the travelers' list this morning." He then told her of his travels through France and England and that he was a native of Madrid, Spain, the place to which he was bound. During the chat Winifred had good chance to look at him. His appearance suggested that he might have been turned out by an excellent tailor. His swarthy complexion looked as if it had been freshly shaved and powdered, and his hair, a glossy black, was carefully waved. It was his eyes, though, that held her attention. They were coal black and were filled with some sort of unexplained magnetism. Jaime Higuenes was the ideal Spanish cavalero.

Soon they were engaged in deep conversation, talking of the ship, its passengers, and places they both had been. They spent their days on board, playing deck games together

and dancing the evenings away in the ship's salon.

It was Winifred's habit upon rising in the morning, to watch the sun's early rays play on the waters as she walked the decks. On this morning, instead of greeting the sun, she discovered a gloomy, foggy morning and an exceedingly wind-swept sea. Upon meeting Winifred, Jaime suggested, "Weenefred, let us spend the morning in the ship's library. I have been down there and have found some very interesting books. Shall we do that, or perhaps, my friend, you can suggest something more interesting? Is it not so?"

"Oh, I am glad you have suggested something, Jaime. I was just wondering how I should spend this dreary day. I do hope that we shall not have a storm. The weather has been fine so far."

With that, the two young people sauntered down the deck until they came to the library. There they met two of their new friends, and so the four spent the morning and afternoon pouring over both old copies and new.

The day finally wore away, and night came on with more fog. Soon the ship was off its course. The passengers, unaware of the lurking danger, continued to dance and otherwise enjoy their almost closed voyage. The fog grew more dense until the captain, realizing new danger, slackened the ship's speed. Too late! There loomed up a-head of them within one hundred feet, a massive iceberg. The captain stood frozen in his tracks. A crash was not to be avoided. The ship had been unable to slacken its speed in time. Captain Bradelay barked this order to his telegraph operator, "Gerad, send out an S. O. S. immediately." There was a terrific crash, and the gigantic liner gave a fearful shudder.

In the salon, Winifred and Jaime had just finished a dreamy waltz. "I'm awfully warm, Jaime. Would you get me a glass of lemonade?" Jaime hurried to the table. It was then that the ship struck. The passengers, in their frenzy, rushed to one side of the ship, causing it to list precariously. Women screamed and fainted, while men and deck stewards stood by, offering their aid.

Jaime had completely disappeared leaving Winifred alone.

Another command from their captain, "Man the boats! Women and children first!" After they had been safely stowed in the boats, the men were allowed to go. All this time Jaime was missing, but Winifred was safe for the

present, wondering where he could be.

The sinking ship gave a mighty heave as the boats pulled out of the danger zone. While the thoroughly frightened and fascinated passengers watched, the vessel made one final shudder and sank beneath the waves with its one remaining bit of humanity, the captain, who had gone on his last voyage, down the waves. All was quiet, except for the lap of the water against the sides of the boats, and the weeping of a few hysterical women.

In one of the life boats, this scene was being enacted. Wedged between two women was an old lady, bent and twisted, wrapped in a shawl so that it completely covered her person. One of the boat's crew glanced casually in her direction, and then, with a start, quickly looked again. Holding the shawl together were not the wrinkled, white hands of an elderly woman. They were those of a man, large and well-kept. Impossible! Yet it was not. With a start the man realized the situation and with a quick jerk yanked away the shawl and revealed—Jaime Higuenes in his true character. He was dragged from his seat, shrieking and begging for mercy and leniency. After being severely reprimanded he was shoved back into his seat again, a cringing blackguard.

But what of the S. O. S. which had been sent out? It had been picked up by a freighter, and soon through the darkness there flashed the blinding gleam of a searchlight. Playing over the water, it finally picked up the lifeboats. Within a few minutes the freighter was within a hundred yards of the group. Soon all passengers were aboard. Once again they started for Liverpool, which, by coincidence, was the destination of the freighter, "Leona".

When the freighter was once more under way, Higuenes was sullenly dragged before the Captain of the vessel. After a severe reprimand, he was ordered below in irons.

Winifred, still wondering of Jaime's whereabouts, stopped the captain on one of his rounds. "Do you know anything of a young man called Jaime Higuenes? He disappeared while the ship was sinking, and I have seen nothing of him since."

The captain, with disgust, replied gruffly, "He is below in irons, arrested for posing as an old woman in the boat. I am planning on turning him over to the authorities when we dock. There is a severe penalty for his act." Winifred thanked the captain and hurried away, avoiding everybody, wishing only to be alone.

Finally the ship reached Liverpool. When the gangplank was dropped, the passengers fairly rushed from the ship into waiting arms. All were glad to be safe on land again. In

their hearts, deep and sincere tribute was paid to the captain, who, in time of need, did not desert his ship.

Winifred left the ship with a happy but rather thoughtful expression on her face. She met her aunt and kissed her affectionately.

"My dear, you look positively worn out!" exclaimed her aunt. "You must have a good rest before we attempt to do anything."

A few days later, Winifred and her aunt left England for Calais. They arrived in Paris, and it was there that she forgot Jaime Higuenes.

CLASS POEM

Four years have passed
Since first we came
To this high tower of learning.
We've struggled on
To reach the top,
To find the lamp still burning.

There have been times
When each has said,
"Oh, what's the use of climbing?
I'll never reach
The top, I know."
Then came the silver lining.

A cheerful word,
A helping hand,
We found them always waiting,
To guide us through
A blinding storm
And steer our ship to safety.

Who steered our ship?
Who lent a hand?
Who guided us to safety?
Our teachers! They
Have brought us through
With patience, never tiring.

But now success
Is up to us,
Fame is not for the asking.
The world is harsh
And often cruel
To amateurs of learning.

And if your path
Seems rough and dark,
Just keep your right foot forward;
And let your feet
Be guided by
Your teachers' message, "Onward!"

H. Cederholm, '33.

Maurice
Callahan
Anthony
Rejmawicz
Margaret
Ellen
Florence
Higginson
George
Leonard
Theresa
Polopoli
Frank
Goodhue
Louise
Matheson
Virginia
Crawell
Dorothy
Robbins
Bertrude
Boothby
Marie
Colburn



Kerne
Belcher
Helen
Cederholm
Martha
Brunet
Barbara
Kowler
Sakla
Werthen
Alice
Traney
H. A. Old
Van Dale
Cora
Richardson
Elizabeth
Murphy
Arthur
Hervais
Eleanor
Lupper
Cathleen
Condon
Barbara
Snow
Richard
Ludden
Virginia
Bates
Irene
Devine
Margaret
Stoddard
Carl
Hanniford

Barbara
Snow
Richard
Ludden
Virginia
Bates
Irene
Devine
Margaret
Stoddard
Carl
Hanniford

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The Abington High School Football Squad enjoyed a most successful season during the year 1932. With eight victories and one loss in a nine-game schedule, it was the best team that has represented Abington High since 1922, when that team won ten games and lost one.

The outstanding characteristic of the team was its teamwork. Officials of some of the games stated that the teamwork on the offense of our squad was the best of any that they had seen in many years. The team was well balanced. A few of the players were better than others, but the margin was so slight that they were not outstanding. The team was exceptionally heavy, the players ranging in weight from one hundred fifty to two hundred and ten pounds. The backfield was the lightest part of the team. They were fast and shifty and had great ability in carrying the ball.

Coach Charles Walsh had the players practicing very early. He held a short series of practices in the spring, but discontinued them because they interfered with baseball. The regular practicing season started the last of August. Practices were held daily with a large number of candidates present.

Coach Walsh had a hard time picking the starting team. Many of the candidates had shown exceptional ability. However, the team picked by him to start the games was as follows: Bombardier at center; the two Ware brothers, Harold and Ralph, at guards; Robertson and Captain Fuller at tackles; Boles, McKenney, or Rushwick at the ends; Damon at quarterback; Condon and Casey, halfbacks; and Wajcinowicz at fullback. This team started nearly every game.

The opening game of the season was with Mansfield at Mansfield on September 24. In this game the team went right to work and scored an early touchdown. They gained ground consistently. The game ended with Abington on the long end of the score of 19 to 6. The whole backfield proved themselves very capable. Boles at end was a great help to the team, both on the offense and defense.

The second game, on October 1, opened the home season, with Needham as visitors. Abington had a hard battle with this team, but managed to come out on top, 12 to 6. There were no outstanding players, the teamwork of the team resulting in the scores.

In the next game with Fairhaven at Fairhaven on October 8, Abington suffered its first and only setback, 6 to 0. Due to a most important game with Hingham in four days,

Coach Walsh instructed the team not to over-exert themselves. Nevertheless, Abington went into that game and gained ground after ground, reaching the Fairhaven goal line many times, only to be stopped. Fairhaven had a heavy team and an outstanding back. A hidden player on the sideline and a pass paved the way for Fairhaven's score. Abington was without the services of Boles, the tall end, in this game.

On the following Wednesday, October 12, Columbus Day, Abington entertained Hingham High. This was one of Abington's objective games. Abington played its best game on this day, defeating Hingham 19 to 0. This was the first time an Abington team had defeated a Hingham team since 1922. A short forward pass proved to be the most consistent ground gainer, with Condon on the receiving end, most of the time, and Damon doing the passing. After this game the team had a well-deserved vacation.

On October 22, the Middleboro High team was entertained at the local field. Middleboro was the underdog and was not given a chance to win. Abington came out on top of a 28 to 0 score. In this game, many of the substitutes were given a chance to show their wares. Ross and Farley in the backfield, and Laucka, Gates, and Salminen in the line looked best for the subs.

On October 29, the team journeyed to Weymouth to meet the strong Weymouth aggregation. This was a hard-fought battle with the team scoring a touchdown in each half, making the final score 12 to 0. Condon and Damon in the backfield and Robertson and Fuller in the line looked best for Abington, while Jones for Weymouth was a consistent ground-gainer.

On November 12, Abington was the guest of the undefeated Bridgewater High Team. Much interest by the townspeople was shown in this game, and a large following of rooters was present. The team showed themselves vastly superior to the Bridgewater aggregation, gaining many more yards and making many more first downs. Abington marched down the field many times, only to be checked by the stubborn defense of the Bridgewater team. In the final quarter, a quick pass to Condon by Damon to the corner of the field scored the only touchdown, making the final score 6 to 0, in favor of Abington. Condon and Wajcinowicz made many long runs during the game. The outstanding player for Bridgewater was Spirida, whose long punts got his team out of many tight places.

Rockland came to Abington on November 19

to see what they could do to our team. Rockland journeyed home after the game with a 26 to 6 defeat. As the score shows, Abington had little trouble in winning from its old rival. Many of the subs saw action in this game. Rockland scored its only touchdown in the last period while they were in. Condon, Damon, Casey, and Fuller looked best for the local team, while Hurley and Jankowski were outstanding for Rockland.

On Thanksgiving Day, Abington journeyed to Whitman for the traditional game between the two high schools. Abington continued the old tradition of defeating Whitman teams on the Whitman field by handing that team a 13 to 6 setback. As usual, the game between these two teams was a hard-fought one. Abington scored in the first half after a march down the field. Whitman scored on an Abington fumble which bounced into the air and into the hungry arms of Canavan. Abington scored again in the last half after a determined march down the field. Damon with his line plunges and Condon and Wajcinowicz on the off-tackle and end runs looked the best for Abington, while Captain Fuller, McGovern, Bombardier, the Wares, and the rest of the line worked hard and stopped plays through the line. The outstanding players for Whitman were Canavan, Hennessey and Keith.

After this most successful season, a banquet was given the team at Red Men's Hall where sweaters were given to the first-team seniors and gold footballs were presented to the members of the squad.

John Condon was chosen to lead next year's team. He and Coach Walsh have bright prospects for as good a team if not a better, next year, and I wish Coach Walsh and Captain Condon the best of luck in forming this winning team.

BASKETBALL

Shortly after the close of a successful football season which ended with Abington High School as Old Colony champion, Coach Richard Morey called a meeting for all Basketball Varsity candidates. Our usual number of candidates came out (about twenty-five). The lettermen who were present were: B. Buchawski (Capt.), Condon, Malinowski, Medvetz, and Farley. Other promising candidates were: Fuller, Rushwick, Tyler, Fitzgerald, and Laucka. The varsity was finally picked and played their first game at Hingham. Abington started the season off with a bang by winning 37-18. Boles was high scorer and played a fine game. The rest of the team played well also. The team then journeyed to Weymouth where

they were beaten in an interesting game by score 32-19. Errors were made by everybody on the team and were quickly corrected, so when the team journeyed to Rockland, our old rivals, the team won 25-19. No one man could be chosen as outstanding in this game. It was about ninety-five per cent perfect. We then played East Bridgewater whom we had underestimated, and lost by the score 29-28. Boles, Farley, and Condon were best in this game. Bitter with defeat, Abington then traveled to Bridgewater to win a great game, 39-20. In this game Boles, Farley, and Malinowski were the leading point-getters while Laucka and Condon were good defensively.

The next game carried the team to North Easton. North Easton had not been beaten so far this year. Realizing this fact and being unable to find any cooperation, Abington lost the battle by a score of 33-25. Medvetz played well. The following game took the team to Hanover where with great cooperation Abington won from the undefeated Hanoverites by a score 34-23. Boles again was the shining spot while Farley and Malinowski were next. Fuller and Condon shone defensively, holding their men to low scores.

The next was the Stoughton game, which the team won easily 29-13. Malinowski, Fuller, Laucka and Condon starred.

The Milton game was out of the team's class, but Abington won over them a great battle, 25-21.

The Attleboro game was another outclassed game. Although the captain of the team was ill, he played a good game, while Medvetz, Fuller and Condon starred. Following the Attleboro game, Abington beat Hingham again by the score of 25-13. In this game Boles, Fuller, Condon, Laucka, and Medvetz played their parts well.

In an uninteresting game Abington lost to Weymouth 16-41. Again mistakes took a great part in the defeat.

The East Bridgewater-Abington game was fast and interesting, besides being forced into an overtime period. East Bridgewater again won by the same score, 29-28. Boles, Malinowski, Farley and Condon played well.

Abington again overcame their greatest rival, Rockland, 23-18. It was a fast game with Boles, Fuller, and Condon doing the bulk of the work.

At a disadvantage in the hall at Mansfield, Abington lost 34-25.

The next games were with Plymouth, another rival. In the first game Plymouth annexed their eleventh straight win by 25-19, while Medvetz, Boles, and Condon starred. In the second game, furiously fought, Abington won

25-23. In this game Malinowski shone like the North Star while Boles and Medvetz played well.

Jubilant Abington entered the tournament with great confidence.

In the trials Abington annexed a win from Bridgewater, where Boles, Malinowski and Fuller played well.

In the semi-finals Abington was again triumphant, this time over the rival, Plymouth. Boles, Farley, Condon, and Fuller were outstanding.

In the finals Abington did not once find themselves. The Mansfield team was wise to the tall center in Boles and played a five man defense at the start of the tap. Abington could not realize their advantage and played the worst game they played all year. They lost 29-14.

Abington High School had a good team, ending second in the tournament. The team won eleven and lost eight games. It had the honor of having two of its members on the all-district teams. Fuller played fine basketball from his first year and played like a veteran. The high school will have three-letter men back next year in Malinowski, Laucka, and Condon, with three experienced players and a nice string of underclassmen who have shone brightly in practice.

Much credit is due to coach Richard Morey who has turned out winning clubs in past seasons. This year he helped win games with the team on his wise skill as a basketball coach and player. The team enjoyed playing under his guidance and wishes him good luck in future years.

TRACK

Track for the fourth year was started early this season. Due to a loss of material after graduation, Mr. Loud began a course of calisthenics indoors for developing the youthful aspirants to fill the vacant positions. The courses were well attended, and temporarily jump-roping became a masculine pastime. April showers soon softened the ground, and on warm days the squad ventured out to test the new track shoes.

A strenuous practice was begun about the second week in April in preparation for our first meet on the twenty-fourth with Weymouth. The day dawned brightly, and spirits were high in anticipation of the first meet of the year. But, alas! The sun sank and evening closed about the sad group of Abington lads as they emerged from a 57½-28½ defeat. The stars of the meet were five seniors: Boles, Goodhue, Crossley, Tony, and Medvetz.

Being weak in the mile run, the distance men originated the "grave yard run" which was over a mile long and mostly uphill, to develop endurance. This was invaluable, for in the next meet, Smith, an underclassman, took third. The "five" Seniors performed in their usual style, but still they lacked support. There were plenty of places to be taken and soon possibilities began to spring up. Once again the Abington tracksters bowed before another defeat. Plymouth won 43-33.

Undaunted by two unsuccessful attempts to break into the win column, the team resolved to take their next opponent, Hingham into camp. The squad practiced diligently and were in the "pink" when Hingham arrived. This was the first home meet of the three that were planned.

The meet was well attended by track followers, and all through the afternoon as the scores came in, it was doubtful as to the winner. Excitement rose as the last event, the relay, was called. It was the deciding event. Abington lost a heartbreaker. The score after the final event read: 43½-42½.

The Rockland meet, following so quickly after the Hingham meet gave the tracksters little time for practice. The day of the second home meet turned into a warm afternoon. The events followed each other very quickly, and ere long the last event was announced. The relay team, under the excellent coaching of Mr. Loud, had adopted a new method of stick-changing which showed itself when Abington trotted in well ahead of the Rockland anchor man. The following make up the relay team: Wajcinowicz (1), Sabin (2), Medvetz (3), and Goodhue, anchor man.

The track will compete in the following meets: Harvard, Braintree, North Easton, Brockton—South Shore District, Weymouth, Hingham District, and Dedham Relays.

THE BEACH

High tide, low tide, endless expanse of ocean;
Myriad swooping gulls wing in ceaseless motion.
Rounded stones are piled high on the silver sand,

Mid gay colored shells enough to suit a gypsy band.

Driftwood, gray and old, scattered here and there,

Intricate white seaweed fans to deck a mermaid's hair,

Awkward, lonely, baby crabs, starfish by the score,

Lie upon the moistened sand at the ocean's door.

Eleanor Tupper, '33.

ON GUEST ROOMS

Summer is here. Soon you will be visiting friends, relatives, and others. The first problem to be solved will be the wheres and hows of your room. The guest room is usually located in a remote section of the house. Of course then there is the exact opposite. Your room may remind you of a very busy street. In either case you will marvel at the reverent manner in which you are conducted into this most sacred sanctum.

Once in and alone, notice the bed. Possibly it may be a four-poster with curtains and other obstacles to its easy access. Take a look at the coverlet, but as you value your life, do not touch anything. I have seen many designs. Birds and blossoms predominate, though neither are sleep-suggesting. No matter in how much of a hurry you are, do not tear off your coat and throw it on the bed. But as you may forget, I suggest that you do not carry any pocket fountain pens or other liquid containers. Either might obliterate a bird, and the owner would not stand for such wanton destruction of his flock. Be careful of those long, slender articles taking the place of pillows! They are tricky and bent on self-destruction. I inaugurated one visit by going at one as a wrestler would.

You will be called upon to handle another troublesome question. You may think you are clever and a modern Hercules, but you will meet your Waterloo when you tackle the regulation of guest-room ventilation. You are sure to be astonished at your host's success in what eventually might be a vacuum. The room is hermetically sealed by curtains, draperies, and double windows, despite the fact it is summer. Neither can the temperature be regulated. If your room is hot, mankind and science cannot change it. If it is cold, the above still holds true. This is due to the distinctive character of guest-room radiators. Those that are hot cannot be turned off while those that can be turned off will be entirely devoid of heating power. Your struggles with these will undoubtedly tire you.

Be very careful of the chairs! They are extremely fragile and unfit for masculine use. In a prominent place is a dressing table. The top is covered by a heterogeneous collection of toilet articles placed there a few minutes before your arrival. Do not pry into the various containers. My curiosity once changed my blue suit to various degrees of pinkness and fragrance which overwhelmed me.

Are you a connoisseur of clocks? There are two distinct varieties of guest-room clocks. One specimen ticks loudly with an occasional

change in tempo. Suitable for an orchestra but it will not do you any good! Don't try to stop it! If you do it will never run again. Wrap it in an extra garment! It is the best method, for a mere closet door it penetrates with ease. Combine the two and sleep undisturbed. The other kind is silent and points at the same time always.

The lesser articles about the room are of great interest, for a short time at least. Upon the walls can be seen the family tree and a swarm of relatives. On the diminutive table near the bed are the conventional guest room furnishings: a tray, pitcher, glass, and a book. The lamp will not light. At least you are not enough of an electrician to put it in a more useful condition. The book is about some society working among the Congo natives. It will hold you spellbound like a western thrill right up to the 799th page.

If your visit is a short one, keep out of the closet. Like all others in our fair land, it is full of obsolete feminine garments waiting for Dame Fashion to turn her expensive finger in their direction.

Of course, there will be other trifling inconveniences, but a meagre volume of this size will not permit their enumeration. All these trifles will not keep you from visiting I am sure.

Arne Gustafson.

A DIMINUTIVE ENGLISHMAN

Scarcely five feet tall, but sprightly as a grasshopper, he was. Dressed in white knickers and white hat, striding down the fairway with prancing step, he strode up to the ball. With a crude swing he sent the ball on its way, and hurried after it, enjoying every minute of the game.

A jovial son of England he was, spending his vacation in the United States. So pleasing was his personality that everyone with whom he came in contact seemed happier.

Obviously golf was not his game, but the fight he put up, and the concern he showed at failing to help his partner were very interesting. His indomitable smile made the threatening clouds appear brighter, and his laugh was like music. He seemed to be able to fight the world's gloom off alone with his smile and laugh.

As he strode along, I couldn't help thinking of one of England's historic sailors. He was typical of Miles Standish in many ways. In the face of all trouble and odds, he could win and surmount the obstacles which often caused other people to storm and fume.

Norman Robbins.

A MONOLOGUE

Main Character: Father Time.

Place: A. H. S.

Time: 1930-1933.

ACT I.

Father Time: Looking back a few years, I can remember one afternoon when a group of ambitious sophomores entered Room 1, Miss Chadbourne's private sanctum, with a profound and determined look upon their features. Ere the afternoon had crept away, a happy group of students passed o'er the threshold of that private sanctum, honored with the noted appellation, The Sophomore English Club, under the direction of Miss Chadbourne with the aid of the official body elected as follows: Pres., Charles Medvetz; Vice-Pres., Frank Goodhue; Sec., Helene Reagan; Treas., Theresa Palopoli, with Maurie Callahan and Edmund Crossley acting as executive committee.

Under the careful guidance of Miss Chadbourne, the Club formulated basic laws which permitted those students who attained 80% or better in English to attend regular bi-monthly meetings. One of the many unwritten laws of the club was the solemn support of The Abhis.

In order to obtain money to meet current expenses, the club put on a play, followed by a dance, which was well attended.

The last semester of the Sophomore year gradually waned into summer, and the members, having come to the conclusion that the club was a social benefit to the Alma Mater, finally resolved to continue their social and educational activities the following year under the title of the still more renowned, Junior English Club. (The aged scythe that Father Time has been leaning upon collapses under his frail body and in turn Father Time prostrates himself in quiet, serene slumber.)

ACT II.

Bell sounds for first period!

Father Time: Oh-ah-oh-hum. What a sleep! Guess it's time I was up and keeping tabs upon these youngsters back to school again. Well now, there's a group that looks familiar. Ah yes! Junior English Club! The president and vice-president were re-elected. Maurie Callahan was elected secretary and Irene Devine, treasurer.

Plans were laid for the coming year. The club donated a sum of money for the framing of a picture of Washington. Due to the lack of attendance the faithful members voted to exclude all other pupils.

After a successful play the club journeyed to Boston. After a show a dinner was enjoyed. With pleasant memories of two enjoyable years of club activities the year terminated with a final party.

ACT III.

(Crash! Bang! Father Time's sonorous lethargy was interrupted by the melodious orchestra tuning up. With a bound he leaped to his feet.)

Father Time: Well! There's Count Depression in person. It must be the Senior English Club staging another dance. The English Club benefited greatly by this affair.

The next event of importance was the meeting held in the memorable Assembly Hall. All the clubs were guests at this impressive meeting. After the usual procedure of the meeting, Club Pins were presented to all members of the Senior English Club.

This concludes all activities of the English Club up to date, and with a yawn Father Time leans on his faithful scythe.

Maurie Callahan, '33

Secretary.

"MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN"

"Master Simon's Garden" by Cornelia Meigs is a story of many generations in New England. It is a historical romance of ships, Indians, war, witches, and the old, wonderful garden of Master Simon Radpath.

Cornelia Meigs, its author, though a life-long resident of the Middle West and a native of Illinois, heard many tales of New England life from her father, a famous story-teller. Through him, she learned many of the stories in this book. She has visited New England a great many times and had learned to love its shores and hills before she saw them.

The principal characters of the first part are: Master Simon; Margaret Bardwell, his daughter; Goody Parsons, a gossip with a kind heart; and Samuel Skerry, a miserly shoemaker who envied Master Simon to the point of hatred. In the second part we meet Margaret's daughter, Alisoun Sheffield; her son, Stephen; and an Arcadian foundling, Clotilde; as well as Clotilde's lover, Gerald Radpath.

Of all the characters, I liked Clotilde the best. Her sunny presence dominates the story from the time she enters, as a black-eyed baby, until we leave her, the mother of another dark-eyed child.

At the beginning of the story, the word was traveling around the village of Hopewell that there was something that was not allowed in Master Simon's garden. At length the governor came to investigate. As the townspeople gathered, three tall Indians joined the procession. Upon the command of the governor, Master Simon solemnly led them into his garden, and before their eyes strutted a vain

peacock. The Puritans were astonished to see such an "ungodly creature" in their midst, but with a cry the Indians fell to the ground, to worship the "god with a hundred eyes." Then stalking away they snatched golden tulips for gold, and ran into the forest. The peacock was hastily returned to England.

Autumn came. One day the Indians again reappeared. A plague was upon the Nascomis and they had come to pray to Master Simon's banished peacock. Taking a cloak, Master Simon went with them to their people.

In the spring Master Simon returned. Then one night a Jesuit priest, hated and feared by good Puritans, was known to be hiding in the village. He was taken in by Master Simon and with the permission of Margaret, the old priest said a last mass to his Indian friends before departing for France. The girl, concealed in the garden, listened. This was a forbidden offence, and years later it was brought up against her, for she was seen by Samuel Skerry. However, she was defended by Roger Bardwell, whom she later married.

Stephen, her grandson, fell from a tree in childhood and never again was strong. In his later years he became a lawyer, an envoy to France, and the most respected man in the Colonies. He adopted the Arcadian founding, Clotilde, and when she was about seventeen, despite Stephen's efforts, war was declared. The remainder of the story tells of Clotilde's loyalty, bravery and love for Gerald Radpath, during the Revolution. Gerald, a distant cousin of Master Simon, was an Englishman.

Consequently, after the war, he was disliked by the new citizen of the United States so he began a voyage to Cathay. At last he returned bringing fame and wealth to Hopewell.

I have heard comment that the book was "too good to be true." That may be so, but it is a most enjoyable tale. I liked it as much as any book I have ever read.

Eleanor Tupper.

Goldbergh: "Ikey, my son, take this letter to the post-office, buy a three cent stamp and mail it."

(In ten minutes Ikey returns)

Goldbergh: "Did you mail de letter, Ikey?"

Ikey: "Yah! but I saved three cents. I saw a lot of people dropping letters into a box, so I watched my chance ven no one was locking and dropped mine in too."

THE BEND IN THE ROAD

For most of us, the bend in the road has come into view. Some of us will stand a little uncertain at the bend, wondering what is ahead, and trying to peer into the future. The road, so far, has been pretty straight and well-defined, but now, on the eve of our Graduation, we begin to feel tremors concerning the future. What lies ahead?

No one of us is in any position to prescribe any rules for being successful, but it seems to me that there are a few things we must not forget, if we wish to stay on our road at all.

First, there is God. Above all, let us not forget God. It does not matter what our creed or religion is, for all believe in a Master of some kind. We cannot expect to progress at all without aid from God, for, after all, we are mere infants just learning to walk. The road seems bright enough now, but it may have shady places where the sunshine does not glow, where we shall need more help than any mortal can give; and then we must turn to the Immortal.

A saving sense of humor is the next requisite. Be able to laugh, not only when the joke is on the other fellow, but when it's on you as well. Smile when things look black; if you can't make it a smile, at least make it a grin—a grin full of grit and determination, a grin that says, "I'll conquer." Be able to see the funny side of everything. It helps. Ask any successful person what he believes is one help to happiness. He will be sure to say, "A sense of humor."

Last, but not least, we must keep alive that celestial little spark of Childhood that we have left in us. It was not so very long ago that our minds were chiefly occupied with dolls and kites, and I'll wager that there is not one of us who would not like, just for a day, to fly a kite, or go roller skating. So let's pledge ourselves to be boys and girls at heart for the rest of our lives. The whole world likes the man who has still a trace of boyishness left, and everyone admires the woman who has not forgotten that she was once a girl. So once in a while, in the years to come, let's be "kids."

Now, as we stand at the bend of the road, let's mentally shake hands with one another, and resolve that all through life we will be pure, honorable, and courageous, so that we all may be proud of one another.

Irene Devine.

Two men, having simultaneously fired at an eagle, killed him. A Dutchman observed "dot dey might have saved their powder and shot, for de fall vould haff killed him."

Phantom Wings

Continued from page 14

was borne to earth. In an instant Mr. Wilson was beside them, gun in hand. For a few moments they wrestled in the dust as Gwen and her father looked helplessly on.

Val, although the lighter of the two, was more wiry, and soon he leaped up from the vanquished stranger. With fists clenched, the light of battle gleaming in his eyes, Val watched the stranger closely as he rose to a sitting position, spitting sand, and wiping dust from his eyes.

Val turned around and beheld Gwendolyn in her father's arms. Mr. Wilson turned, and with a slight quake in his voice said, "You-you saved her, and captured him."

"Him?" inquired Gwen. "You mean them! Look behind the car!"

Mr. Wilson walked around to the other side of the yellow coupe. Lying there in the shadow were two trussed-up figures.

"Explain yourselves!" demanded Mr. Wilson, a humorous glint in his eyes, and a smile hovering about the corners of his parted lips.

"They were out of gas; I surprised them. Gwen held the gun while I was tying them up. This fellow got the jump on us, and before we knew it, we were staring into a barrel of a 45. Lucky you came along. He turned to see who you were. That gave me the chance I was waiting for."

"What is their object?" replied Mr. Wilson.

"They tried to kidnap Gwen, seeking in ransom the gold formula," replied Val.

"Well, put them into the car, and we'll take them where they will have a chance to think it over."

Everything was ready, and Mr. Wilson was behind the wheel. "Well, jump in! What are you wait—oh, all right. I guess I can handle them."

The motor coughed, purred, and with a roar, the car disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"That's Dad for you," said Gwen, her eyes aglow with the fervid love she held for her father.

As the two lonely figures slowly wended their way along the quiet, narrow road, their thoughts wandered together into the land of the happy future. The waning moon dropped slowly from view as the two lovers disappeared into the lengthening shadows.

The mountains called, and a week later found the youthful, married couple standing silently, beholding a spectacle which only the omnipotent hand of God can paint. A mountain sunset!

Arm in arm they stood in awe, marveling,

for in a final flash of ethereal colors blending harmoniously with the verdancy of the snow-capped mountains, the celestial body of light slowly descended low on the horizon. The glassy surface of a beautiful lake at the foot of the mountains caught this final splurge of colors and reflected it upon its beautiful surroundings. Not a sound! Not a breath! All was entranced and devoid of motion. The golden star slipped from its celestial hanging and dropped from sight. The dying colors slowly faded as night crept slowly over the scene. The majestic mountains stood out solidly in the semi-twilight, as if on guard over all they surveyed. The lofty pines reverently bowed their lordly crests as a mild, caressing breeze sprang up from the cool and verdant foothills. Darkness enfolded the landscape, blending with the opaque mountainside. A robin silently winged his dusky way to the protecting arms of some pine. Finally, except for the familiar nocturnal noises, all became peaceful in soft, silent slumber.

SHAKESPEARE ADDRESSES OUR FACULTY

"Countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause."
—Mr. Cole.

"Kindness, ever nobler than revenge."
—Miss Hart.

"I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts."
—Mr. Walsh.

"Report me and my cause aright."
—Miss Chadbourne.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
—Mr. Morey.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."
—Miss Desmond.

"The foremost man of all this world."
—Mr. Loud.

"Every inch a king."
—Mr. Frolio.

"I must be cruel only to be kind."
—Miss Gomeley.

"Not wanting, having already enough."
—Miss Green.

"The better part of valor is discretion."
—Miss Hill.

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."
—Mr. Meserve.

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge."
—Miss Murphy.

"When mercy season's justice."
—Miss Stearns.

"From the stars do I my judgment pluck."
—Miss Gorman.
M. Dillon, '33.

THE COHENS AT THE BEACH

(Apologies to the Faculty)

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen and their young son, Irving, are spending the day at the beach. As it is almost noon, Fannie, Mrs. Cohen, has just set up the small portable stove on the sand, and has begun to prepare their dinner. Irving is playing nearby in the sand, and Abe, Mr. Cohen, is reading. The music of the merry-go-round can be heard faintly. The conversation is as follows:

Fannie: "Abe, come help me find de knife. I need it for de steak to TURNER over so it HILL COOK on de other side. (There is no response.) Irving, dollink, come help mama find it. De more papa reads, de MOREY gets lazy. If DESMOND of mine would let MESERVE piggled herring mit sour cream, ve wouldn't haf to bother mit de stove."

Abe: "Irving, stop banging de pail mit de shovel so LOUD. Papa can't hear de moosic. De WALSH dey iss playing iss 'MAGUIRE. (Id) Irish Rose.' I vish dey would play de song vot I used to sing. Oh, vot iss de name,—I can't think,—De foist line iss: 'GOMLEY days ven mine HART vas young und gay.'"

Fannie: "Irving, beby dollink, stop sucking that stick. Maybe you will get it stuck in de throat and start COUGHLAN. FROLIO thing away! Maybe it has BENSON where vot you shouldn't like it had been."

Irving: "I want it, ma. It tastes good." (He starts crying.)

Fannie: "Irving, stop crying! If you keep on screaminG-ORMAN mit a big black mustache vill come und take you away quick.—Ow! Mine finger!"

Abe: "Did CHA(d)BOURNE your finger, Fannie?"

Fannie: "Abe, take de raw fish away from Irving, dot he chust found. Ve take it home und make nize soup. Look oud! You're sitting on mine new GREEN hat! Chust for that, I get \$10 for another vun."

Abe: "May the good Lord have MURPHY upon me! I've got \$1.10 to mine name. Fannie, you are bawling me oud all de time. You're STEARNS you can be."

Fannie: "Oh, be still!—Ca-vick! Abe! It's raining! Run for de car before ve all catch our death mit COLE!"

Pauline Goucher, '34.
Mildred Tilley, '34.

Mr. Morey: "What were Napoleon's parting words when he left Russia?"

Voice from rear: "Good Byski, we Mos-cow."

THE KID

"Mornin', Miss Marj'ry!" shouted Cap'n Jonas Cotton to me as I happened past his tiny white cottage one morning.

"Good morning." I replied, "What is that you're looking at? Oh, a notebook."

"Yes, a notebook." he answered, gazing with that faraway look in his eyes which meant that he was in a story-telling mood.

"And is there a story to it?" I asked eagerly.

"Uh-huh, you wanta hear about it? All right. Well, it was this way. I was first mate an' sailin' along o' Cap'n Billy Williams. Good man he was and first-rate sailor. The fact is that all the men were good sailors, 'ceptin' one. A young feller, he was. Sorta girly lookin'. He had a fancy name, too. Lessee, what was it? Martin, Marton, Marvin. That's it, Marvin Condon. All the men pestered him an' made fun of him, though, 'cause in all his spare time he wrote poems 'bout trees and flowers an' water an' everything. Wrote 'em in this here book o' hisn. They didn't even call him by his right name, called 'im 'The Kid' Mustav been a tough life fer 'im. He was allus getting took down by the cap'n fer never doin' a thing right. Well, we sailed along 'n along, got down near the Bermudys and a turrible storm blew up. The wind tore aroun' like mad; it thundered an' lightened, rained like fury. The old 'Susan F.' spun aroun' like a nutshell. The main sail was ripped in two; ship sprung a leak an' two men washed overboard side o' half an hour. Finally the cap'n ordered all men t' the life boats, but one boat was discovered t' have bin dashed t' pieces by the storm. Just then a turrible flash o' lightnin' struck the mast; it crashed t' the deck an' swept the cap'n off into the water. The poor cuss was et alive by the sharks. The men went crazy after that. They rushed t' the boats an' knocked one another down in their hurry. Me n' the Kid was left alone on the deck but one of the boats had sense enough t' wait fer us.

"Room for one more," they shouted.

"Go ahead," begged the Kid t' me. "I'll stay here. Nobody cares about me, anyway."

"I refused t' do it, but the Kid shoved me into the boat. He pushed this book into my hand an' yelled in my ear t' keep it as a r'membrance o' him. Well, we rowed off just as the ship with thet brave boy on her went down. We were picked up the next day but the Kid was never seen ner heard of again."

And the cap'n took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

Irene Devine.

A BOOK REPORT OF "DESTINY BAY"

"Destiny Bay", a book of short stories, was written by Donn Byrne. The background is the little town of Destiny Bay in the north of Ireland. The action of the story takes place about thirty years ago.

I think that the author wished to portray the manner of living in Ireland at this time. Although the story directly concerns a rich family, the lives of the common people are woven and interwoven in the events of this family. A great many of the customs, superstitions and legends of the Irish race are brought out in these stories. In *Destiny Bay* it was said that at Spanish Man's Rest, the burial ground of the Spaniards on the Armada, a transparent veil hung between it and the sun. Kerry MacFarlane said that when he went by it with his dogs, he felt them come closer, and he heard their uneasy whines. But when Jenico, the owner of Spanish Men's Rest, married a Spanish duchess, the veil lifted, and a life of sunshine came into the place; "for, you see, the Spanish Men are truly at rest, having one of their own kith and kin near them." There is a legend that at Grey River once was a city where the men of Erin mated with the daughters of the sea, and that Mananan MacLear, the Celtic Neptune, fearing that his kingdom was in danger, flung the vast sea bed over the city one night in a titanic storm. As Kerry says, "We don't quite believe that, but we don't actually disbelieve it."

One of the characters is Aunt Jenepher, who, Kerry said, "is so beautiful, and is blind, and the best whistler in the world." Then there is Uncle Valentine, who has the air of a king on a country estate. According to Kerry, no man ever had a greater courtesy than his uncle Valentine. Kerry, the only heir of Valentine, is a typical son of the Irish soil. Jenico, the cousin of Kerry, is the owner of Spanish Men's Rest. He was not the sort of person you would pick a fight with, and he was the sort of person you'd be glad to have with you in one. John Carabine, the valet and friend of Valentine, is half Irish and Gypsy, and a great fighter. Ann-Dolly is the girl who came over from Spain with her uncle the Don de Leyva, descendants of the Vice Admiral de Leyva of the Spanish Armada. Uncle Cosimo is the brother of Valentine, and the Bishop of Boneo. The Fair Girl of Wu is a Chinese girl who was brought over from China. She is one of the pure tragedies of the book. Lady Clontarf is the gypsy owner of the horse that won the Derby under such strange conditions. Mary Hines had been a beautiful woman, and although she is dead, her influence is felt throughout one of the

stories. Allegro is her daughter. Ercole is Allegro's fiance. Patrick Herne is Aunt Jenepher's husband.

"Uncle Valentine is a six-foot-four giant with an immense red beard to his waist, that is more like a burnished breastplate than a beard. All he needs is one of those Norwegian helmets with wings and a great axe to be a chief of Goths who sacked Rome." He was a man of great influence in his country.

One of the stories which I like very much is "The Tale of the Gypsy Horse." This is the story of the last effort of Lady Clontarf to make a fortune and leave it to her sons. She owned a horse which she wanted trained in Ireland, and she had come to Valentine for help. It was finally decided that two of Kerry's horses should be used as trial horses. Sir Arthur Pollexfen, a veteran trainer, was chosen to train the horse.

Lady Clontarf, on account of her failing health, went to France until after the Derby. At the last moment she came across, and when Valentine saw her, he feared that all their planning would go for nothing, on account of her health and the Derby Rule. This is that if the owner of a horse dies, after he has entered the horse in the Derby and before the Derby has run, the horse is disqualified.

On the day of the race, there was a rumor around that Lady Clontarf had died. It was feared that this would hurt the chances of the horse in the betting, so the gypsies brought Lady Clontarf to the track after her horse had won. "She was seated in a great arm-chair; her head was laid back on a pillow, and her eyes were closed as though the strain of appearing were too much for her." Thus the doubts as to who had won were laid at rest.

Later Valentine showed Kerry the burial tablet of Lady Clontarf, and it was dated June the first. The Derby Day was June the second.

I like all of the stories in this book for their wit and wisdom. The characters were so vividly and well portrayed. There is a great deal of humor, especially in the characterization of Valentine.

Rita O'Donnell.

Street Conductor: "How old are you little girl."

Helen: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."

EXCHANGES

Flashes—Spanish Fork, Utah.

Your paper proved to be most interesting. You surely live up to your title, "Flashes". Your Literary Department is worthy of mention, although a short story or a serial would improve it considerably. "Bars" is quite cleverly done. The addition of a small Exchange Department would improve your paper.

The Sea Chest—Nantucket, Mass.

Your March Publication is a very interesting and enjoyable magazine. Your cartoons and articles are very appropriate to the title, "The Log." Your Literary Department is commendable, especially the poem, "Mother." You might improve the literary department by beginning a new story at the top of each new page instead of running stories together.

The Climber—West Bridgewater, Mass.

Your nonsense number is original and very appropriate for an April Fool's issue. The editorial, "What Is Your Idea of Nonsense?" is an exceptionally well-written article. The advertisements are attractively arranged. Considering the fact that your magazine is small and compact, your department heading cuts are appropriate and attractive.

Murdock Murmurs—Winchendon, Mass.

Your February issue is most complete. The great number of contributions to your literary department show a commendable interest on the part of your student body. In our opinion one or two more lengthy stories would add to this already fine department. You have a good advertising section, but we feel it could be made still more attractive by boxing the ads and inclosing them with a border line.

The Authentic—Stoneham, Mass.

The editorials in your Winter issue are excellent, especially "Calvin Coolidge". Your exchange department is original and good as far as it goes, but why not enlarge upon it? The advertisements are well arranged. We think you ought to utilize the waste space in your magazine.

The Bulletin—Watertown, Mass.

The articles in "The Bulletin" are interesting and well written. The advertisements are arranged neatly and look well at the ends of the pages. Why don't you have an Exchange Department?

The Semaphore—Stoughton, Mass.

Your February number is very interesting and well arranged. Your School News section is exceptionally good; the sport section is outstanding. Your advertisements are attractively arranged. We suggest that you increase the number of your editorials. Why not place all the stories under the Literary Department?

The Bulletin—Watertown, Mass.

Your issue of March 29 is an outstanding one and interesting throughout. The section entitled "Crimson Sports" is most complimentary. The editorial, "What is Real Economy", is very instructive, and the remaining editorials are exceptionally good. Why don't you run a continued story under a literary heading?

The Blue Owl—Attleboro, Mass.

The cover of your April number is very striking. The advertisements are well arranged, especially those on Page 3. Your editorials are very interesting. You have a fine Literary Department. "Betty's Policy" is both novel and interesting. Poet's Corner contains some good verse. Your numerous jokes and comments make your magazine a most interesting one. For music lovers Musical Notes is an added attraction.

THE PIONEER

Weather-worn and bent from days of toil,
He leads the steady surge of caravels
Across the parched and desolate expanse
"Ever onward, westward, toward the setting
sun."

With wizened face and calm, experienced eyes
He scans the country side and signals, "On!"
To creaking wagons just below the ridge,
"Ever onward, westward, toward the setting
sun."

From youth a wanderer of the barren plain,
Nature has taught him all her priceless lore,
Prepared him well to lead a restless race
"Ever onward, westward, toward the setting
sun."

His goal is ever just beyond the hills
Advancing shyly as shadows before the sun
His duty done, his soul will journey on,
"Ever onward, westward, toward the setting
sun."

Norman Robbins.

FORGOTTEN

Alone in a city of twinkling lights,
I sit, lonely as can be,
And as I watch, the laughter of
The world floats up to me.
Ten thousand hastening feet go by
Below on the thoroughfare,
And I cannot laugh at being forgotten
But it would be selfish to care.

Eleanor Tupper, '33.

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